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TEACHERS COLLEGE NEWS

THE NEWS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Published each Monday during the school year by the students of the Eastern Illinois State Teachers College at Charleston.



Practical Arts Building

HAROLD MIDDLESWORTH
CHARLES C. FRYE

Member Illinois College Press Association.

Printed at the Court House, East Entrance.

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Wm. Attaberry
Stella Pearce
Irvin Singler
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Mary Fitch
Martha Cox
Dorothy Warren, Mary Abraham, Kathryn Mallory
Marjorie Digby

Editor
Business Manager
Advisor
Circulation Manager
Critic
Sports
"They Tell Me"
"Chit Chat"
Editorials
Feature Writer
Reporters
H. S. Editor

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THE NEWS ADVOCATES:
The establishment of at least one sorority.
The abolishment of "pop" systems. A more active Student Council.
An intercollegiate system of sports for girls.

CLUBBED TO DEATH?

There is a saying that when Americans do not have an idea, they organize it and elect a president, a vice-president and treasurer. There is also a saying to the effect that the American college is clubbed to death. Our survey convinces us that E. I. is unique in that it has so well resisted the club mania. The fact is, we are under-clubbed. With no intent toward stimulating the wholesome organization of student groups, permit us to call attention to a gap in our academic life which might well be filled by an honorary literary society and a foreign-relations club. The small college has even a greater need for such organizations than the larger school. Let us direct some of our surplus energy toward these highly laudable undertakings.

Trouble seems to be the one product that exceeds the demand.

OUR GOOD LITTLE BAD BOYS

You know the story. Good and Bad were leaving the school together. Bad throws a stone through the window. Should Good tell who it was that broke the window? Of course, we know that Good didn't tell. But should he have told?

We are all familiar with the age-old prattle about "moral duty." The trouble with this prattle is that it does not produce results. Perhaps we are all at heart too much in sympathy with the bad boy. Perhaps there is much of the bad boy in us. In his later years of reflection who is there who does not revel in the memory of his petty misdeeds?

Why couldn't Good have turned to Bad and asked him just why he broke the window? Bad may not have known the reason, but he might have stopped to think. The important thing is that the window was broken or that someone's "moral sense" was offended by the breaking, but that Good and Bad understand each other.

A hypocrite is a person that comes to school with a smile on his face.

DIM BULBS

Broken rays of light streaming through the dim-curved ivy-encased have their nothing appeal. Dull lights of stained-glass windows have been the inspiration of poets. But the dim electric light bulb of the classroom serves no other purpose than to remind us that blue days are even bluer.

Jamboree every the classroom floor with regular and methodical effort. Tumble pile high magnificent textbooks and allow the dust of the semesters to accumulate upon them. The builder equips the building with light bulbs, and in the meantime they remain until all are burned out. In the intervening years new bulbs are invented and new rays of utility and cheer are made possible. And yet the old bulb remains.

About an aged bulb being accumulated the sentiments of generations. About a dim bulb there dwindle only dim.

Well, after all, perhaps, dim bulbs are better than no bulbs at all.

As We See It

THIS icy weather seems to have one redeeming feature. Our poets come forth with their verbiage of the affair as may be seen in the poetry column. We are glad to see so many newcomers with us.

IT is too bad that so much beauty in winter must be paid for next summer. The trees all covered with ice were quite beautiful this week, but when the limbs started breaking off it reminded us that they will be missed next summer. Our campus will show the effects of the storm for quite a while.

CONCERTS like the one last Wednesday came only too rarely. Josef Lheviene is certainly an artist and we are sure all of us felt it. The shame is that so many of us are not able to get all out of it that some are. Perhaps if we could hear enough music of this kind we would be better able to understand and appreciate it.

WE'll, well and well, well. The Student Council really is going to have the annual Carnival after all. We wonder why they have kept it a secret so long. Now it is up to the rest of us to do our part and help make this affair a big success in every way. Actors, would-be actors, and all others, fall in line. On with the show!

THE News is publishing a list of new books in the library. How often do you drop in there just to look around? You'll be surprised at the number of good books there which you have overlooked. Our library is constantly adding to its supply of recent books and it will pay you to keep your eyes open around there.

HOW many times have you had your picture taken for the Warbler? We heard several people complaining bitterly because they had to make so many trips to the photographer last week. They seem to forget what a source of pride and joy it will be to them to show their children and grandchildren their smiling countenances in the old school annual.

THE school selected its most representative male and woman Saturday. It is said that the voting was quite light, which is not so it should be. This is a distinct honor and everyone in school should be interested enough to at least show his preference. If the election had been announced sooner, more votes might have been cast. If the election is continued this week, it is quite probable that more people will take part in the election.

Some mornings we come to class feeling like the latest "dime story" editor and go home feeling like a magazine in a doctor's office.

Reviews Poetry

MY INSPIRATION

My constant inspiration,
When I sit down to work,
The one that never fails me
Is my little china "purr".
He sits on my desk and watches,
And the thing about him I like best,
He sits in a china silence
And gives his mouth a rest.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH—WITH VARIATIONS

On the spreading old oak tree
The ice, inch deep, stood stand.
The tree, a beautiful sight is it
But with cold and heavy hands,
And the walk beneath is slippery as
The peel of a "bannan".
A boy and girl did come along
And stand there in plain sight,
They stand and stand and stand,
Which may be quite all right,
But when the icy branch came down!
Twas the end of a perfect knight.

AHMOWEENAH, GOODBY!

(An E. I. Love Song)
I met you by the shores of Ahmoweenah;
Your glance was on the waters blue,
And though the night was so balmy,
You greeted me with one "ca-chew."
The moon was setting o'er the hill-tops;
The swine were drifting slowly by—
Ten more years of honest labor,
And Ahmoweenah, then, goodbye!
Just ten more years of Practice teaching,
Of English themes and griping math.
And then our leave we shall be seeking.

To strut our little that we hath.
Oh Ahmoweenah,
Hail to thee!
Oh, Ahmoweenah,
Child of the sea!
Depart we must—
Depart from thee!

Rain and cold weather,
Snow and sleet,
Combined for the downfall
Of Madame Big Feet.
"I adore this cold weather", and
"How lovely the trees!"
A stride—a fall, then
"Why the heck did it freeze?"

WINTER THRILLS

Oh! I like to feel the tingle of the frost upon my cheek,
And to see the sun go down behind the clouds, so grey and bleak;
To feel the snow when crunching, sharply, as I walk along,
And to hear the wind go singing, through the trees its winter song.
But it isn't quite so lovely when the world's a glare of ice!
And I have to chime my footing so gingerly nice!
And I have to run about, I find to my dismay,
To get where I am going 'cause I slip the other way!

BASHFUL EYES

Your bashful eyes have strayed but once
To catch my waiting glance;
But when they did, I was repaid;
My heart began to dance.
Your bashful eyes hold to the board;
Your thoughts upon an "A",
But mine are waiting for the time
When you may turn my way.

PHENOMENA

Isn't it funny:
When the old memories are faint as
The minor strains of Mr. Hassberg's violin,
And up in the attic mice make nest of your old love letters, lesson plans and confectionery bills,
You, yes, you, with your "fast line" "cocky walk" and all the rest of it,
You'll talk like a radio with a bad case of static,
About cold bills, grocery bills, baseball, politics, and the price of gasoline
And you'll call your collegiate son Strumming a banjo that makes worse discords than a fog horn with a cold, and torn by the throes of his tenth love affair
You'll call him a silly young idiot And wonder how in creation he got that way
Isn't it funny?

LITERARY LIFE

Stories Essays

A Collegiate Cinderella

The News's own story of College Love and Romance.
By: Betty Shaffer, Kathryn Mallory, and Mary Abraham.

PART TWO

All things come to an end, so before long Susan found her bags piled around her on the station platform. She called a cabman and gave the address. She hoped he was impressed with the address, which was that of a school dormitory. If he was impressed she never knew it, for he was busy picking up Susan's golf sticks which she had spilled out of the bag for the hundredth time.

She arrived safe and sound, and, after paying the cab man and tipping him generously (again for effect) went in. She was told she would have a room-mate and was then shown up to her room.

When Susan entered the room that had been assigned to her, her glance took in at once its occupant, the dresses she was hanging up and the tasteful decorations she had already put up.

Susan decided that, although her room-mate looked amiable and pretty enough, the dresses, simple curtains, and pillows which she had were entirely too plain to conform with her own fantastic tastes.

The girl introduced herself with, "I'm Anne Marlows. Are you my new roommate?"

Susan answered, "Yes, I guess I am. This is the room I was assigned to. My name is Susan Withrop."

After Susan had settled herself, she started unpacking her numerous packages and proceeded to "fix up" the room to suit herself. She brought out a magenta waste-basket with a ribbon tied around it in a huge bow, various vases and boxes, and finally an enlarged photograph of her only male cousin which she had autographed herself in large letters, "All my love to my dear Susan, from Dick." As she placed it carefully on the dresser, she looked in the mirror to observe the effect on her roommate's face. Then she surveyed the room with an air of satisfaction, saying, "Well, now it looks

some better.

Later, as she was bringing out her ridiculous dresses, hanging them in a conspicuous position, Susan again idly remarked that she was going to join the Kappa's. When Anne politely repeated, "The Kappa's?" Susan eagerly replied, "Yes, Kappa Alpha Theta. How about you?" She was all regret when Anne explained that she could not afford to be a sorority girl.

That afternoon Susan started out blithely to the tea at the Theta house she was scheduled for, dressed in a ruffled organdy Grandma had told her would be just the thing. (Over it she wore her new racoon coat that the catalogue had advertised as "collegiate," but which her Mother had insisted on keeping long "To keep her ankles warm.")

The girls at the House sized Susan up at once, but their despairing glances passed over her head, and Susan was certain that she had made a great hit. During the afternoon, she went to one of the girls as Granny had instructed her and offered to play the piano to "break the ice a little." She played first "That's My Weakness Now," and needed but little encouragement to play next "Louisville Lou," politely inquiring first if "Anyone objected to ragtime?"

Soon Susan noticed that the guests were leaving and she started after her own coat. Rushing up to a group of girls, she gushed, "I've had a perfectly wonderful time," coquettishly adding, "And how! You know, I've heard so much about you girls. My Grandmother belonged to this sorority. Toodle-doo!"

When Susan returned to her room at the dormitory, she was quite pleased with herself, and was anxious to tell Anne all about it.

"Yes, I liked the girls real well. Yes, I believe I'll join that sorority," she told her roommate.

Three weeks of Susan's life as a
(Continued on page 6)

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SPORT BRIEFS

Although undefeated in their first start, the squad leaves today for their northern invasion in good spirits. Coach Lantz took his same traveling squad. Fenolio, Hall, Dappert, Sarver, Wasem, Hance, Van Behren, Haire, Simcox, Thrall and Mgr. Goodman. St. Viator leads the I. I. A. C. Conference with three victories and no defeats, having defeated Carbondale, Shurtleff and Millikin.

A freak arrangement of the schedule calls for two straight games with DeKalb, Tuesday night there and Saturday night, here. De Kalb boasts a strong five, having crushed North Central 39-26.

Wasem broke out of his scoring lethargy with three field goals. One of his baskets came as a result of a fast dribble into the basket. According to "Was" it was the first he ever made in his life going at full speed.

Referee Forsythe gave one of the best exhibitions of college refereeing seen this season. His decisions were just lenient enough to speed up the game and at the same time prevent undue roughness.

The E. I. scoring is well divided with Fenolio leading with 38 points, Joe Hall, Van Behren and Wasem follow in the scoring with 37, 31, and 29 points each.

Porter Simcox relieved Haire through the second half and displayed some stellar guarding. Simcox felt much more at home on a big floor and made his speed account for his lack of size.

Toward the end of the first half Dappert replaced Hall and no sooner had play started when "Dap" slid on the floor in attempting to keep a loose ball from going out of bounds and suffered a bad floor burn.

Here is the best one we have heard yet concerning the stalling games and its a real one judging from the account of it in the Terra Haute Tribune:

In the game between Horace Mann and Washington of East Chicago a few days ago the score was 6-5 with

Horace Mann in the lead after both teams had played a tight defensive game.

"In the second half the Washington five tied the score at 7-all and held the ball 17 minutes until the final gun.

"Horace Mann got the tip in the overtime and Cananough held the ball until only ten seconds were remaining. He then dribbled to the center of the court and blasted away and the ball fell through the hoop without touching the rim."

CONFERENCE RESULTS DURING THE PAST WEEK

DeKalb 39; North Central 26. Carthage 24; Iowa Wesleyan 18. Illinois Wesleyan 24; Lombard 20. Monmouth 27; Rippon 20. Coe 26; Lake Forest 19. Carthage 29; Macomb 22. Augustana 40; Mt. Morris 11. St. Viator 23; Millikin 16. Knox 31; Rippon 23. State Normal 29; Eureka 20. Shurtleff 47; Rolla 23.

Classes Adieu?

In a world which moves to the pace of a Chevrolet or a Ford is it any wonder that the utility of many classroom subjects is questioned? A common attitude is that the student gets his education in spite of the classroom. So common is the technique that most students have evolved to avoid study that some professors affirm that students can prepare an assignment quicker than their teachers can look up the books. We do not wish to go into the logic of such assertions. Our interest lies elsewhere.

It is not important where a student gets his education. It is important that the college affords him the leisure that is prerequisite to that education. Certainly much of the time spent in the study of the classics would be productive of a larger immediate salary if utilized in the study of salesmanship. But would that a study be productive of a richer culture or a sounder civilization? We think not.

Left entirely to his own resources, a man is at best an idiot. From the contact with the great minds of the past comes the inspiration that leads to future greatness. It is that in-

WHAT IS LIFE?

The Inquiring Reporter received his daily question and whistled softly. "That is an easy one. 'What is life?' Well, I'll soon be through here."

He walked briskly down the street and very soon saw coming towards him, a scholarly looking man. When he came up to him, he stopped him and, after finding out that, as he suspected, the man was a teacher at E. I., he asked him the question, "What is life?"

"Life?" he said, "Life? Why life is... Life is living. Life is what each individual makes it. At least that's what I think, I can't really tell you. I don't know."

The reporter lifted him eyebrows in amazement. A teacher didn't know what life is? Amazing!

The next man approached proved to be a minister. "Life?" he answered. "It is the greatest miracle ever wrought at any time. It is the gift of God. It does not end with death but goes on forever. But I cannot tell you just what it is. It is far beyond my comprehension."

Again the reporter was astonished. beyond comprehension? Life?

A young man in a racoon coat was walking jauntily down the street and the reporter stopped him. Surely a college student should know about life and just what it is.

"Life?" he inquired, shifting his cigarette. "I should say I do know. It's having a good time. Going places and doing things. Getting out and spending money. Meeting people and going to school. That's life." With a negligent wave of his hand he closed the discussion.

The next one proved to be a discouraged looking man who explained that he used to be a stock broker but right now he wasn't working.

He did not hesitate when the question was put to him, but merely took his cigar out of his mouth and after a deep sigh said, "My boy, life is... The stock market has bankrupted me, my wife has left me, my son is waiting trial for robbery and my daughter is in hospital after she ran my new car in the ditch and wrecked it... Say, can you loan me a couple of bucks?"

But all our hero could give the man was sympathy. He walked on sad and discouraged. Four victims and not one good guess among them. This was a hard day's work. The next individual he picked out was a dreamy looking young man who gave him occupation of a poet, a poet of modern verse only.

"Do you know what life is?" asked the reporter, without any hope that he would know.

"Surely," he said, and with appropriate gesture, he began to recite, "Life is a song to me."

But the disgusted reporter walked away and left him reciting all over the street. He could stand just so much and then no more. He had about reached his limit. He decided to try once more and this time it was to be a woman. He was off of men. He picked out a pretty well dressed young lady who stood on the corner waiting for a bus. She seemed absorbed in a magazine but he rudely interrupted her reading.

"What is what?" she asked, "Oh, why Life is a little magazine of jokes that is put out every week. It is what I am reading now."

And this was the straw that broke the camel's back.

THE ART OF LOSING

Knowing how to lose is one of the first qualifications of a sportsman. How pleasant is victory, and how bitter may be defeat! Yet, to learn to take defeat with a smile is worth a thousand wins.

An honorable defeat is better than a mean victory, and no one is really the worse for being beaten, unless he loses heart. The test of the losing game comes to every man, even to the most skilled player. Failure serves as discipline. It points out weaknesses, which, in the glory of success may be

aspiration which makes man more than a machine and incidentally delays his destruction by the machine. The important thing to bear in mind is that as society is now constituted the college is the most expedient place to get a cultural education. Those who live in Utopia are, of course, privileged to ridicule our system.

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BOOKS & THINGS

Ballads of All The Nations

Translated by George Borrow and edited by R. Brimley Johnson.

Those who are fond of ballads of any kind will be greatly interested in this new collection. In this book are to be found ballads of the Scandinavian, Norwegian, Danish, Irish Hungarian and several other peoples.

Mr. Borrow is to be commended for having given us an opportunity to know something about the ballads of nations other than our own. Those who can read them feel, as all careful readers of ballads must feel that a distinguished contribution has been made in that particular field.

For the greater part these songs of the various peoples have a certain roughness and crudeness about them not found in the more polished poetry. And yet because of their very nature they have something of true poetry in them. One does not feel that they are literary exercises but that they are a form of poetry, spontaneous in their origin, which express simple, though deep, feelings. They tell the stories of national heroes and historical battles, of outlaws and priests, Quakers and travelers, devils and lovers. Some are based on actual persons and events, some drawn from early theories and fairy lore, others frankly invented or imaginary.

Borrow has taken such songs from every nation and in this way brought together for us the songs that live, through all the noisy clanging of modern times, in the hearts of their people.

Library Notes

RECENT NOVELS IN THE GENERAL LIBRARY

Ammers-Kuller: The rebel generation.
Brady: Genevieve Gertrude.
Byrne: Field of Honor.
Edmonds: Rome Haul.
Freeman: Joseph and His Brethren.
Hooke: Nettle Harvest.
Imbs: The Professor's Wife.
Kaye-Smith: The Village Doctor.
Lewis: Dodswoth.
Meador: Longhanks.
Rolvaa: Peder Victorious.
Sedwick: Dark Hester.
Stenvall: Seven Brothers.
Stratton: Harbor Pirates.
Suckow: The Bonney Family.
Tarkington: Young Mrs. Greeley.
Undset: Kristin Lavransdatter.

BIOGRAPHIES RECENTLY RECEIVED IN THE GENERAL LIBRARY

Baker: Tiberius Caesar.
Brion: Attila, the Scourge of God.
Brown: Grandmother Brown's Hundred Years 1827-1927.
Brown: Lonely Americans.
Callender: Life of Nelson.
Chesterton: Charles Bernard Shaw.
Downey: The Grande Turke: Suleyman the Magnificent, Sultan of the Ottomans.
Fortescue: Wellington.
Hill: Lincoln, Emancipator of the Nation.
Lynch: "Boss" Tweed.
Matthiessen: Sarah Orne Jewett.
Palmer: Clark of the Ohio; a life of George Rogers Clark.

TEN GREAT BOOKS

1. Les Miserables—Victor Hugo.
2. Jean Christophe—Romain Rolland.
3. Tom Jones—Fielding.
4. Don Quixote—Cervantes.
5. Etham Frome—Werthton.
6. Decameron—Boccacio.
7. Warand Peace—Tolstoy.
8. Anna Karenina—Tolstoy.
9. Growth of the Soil—Hansum.
10. Alline—Menoria.

concealed. It invigorates the spirit of determination.

Life, like a basketball or football game, is full of surprising happenings. Even on the verge of victory, the issues may go against us. It is a part of our needful education to be prepared for such experiences and to take our defeat with a smile.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR COLLEGES?

Current parlance has directed our attention toward this very important question. If an issue can be judged by the amount of ensuing publicity, we must indeed conclude that there is something wrong with the American colleges. After much serious thought upon this perplexing problem, we believe that we have as accurate a diagnosis as anyone concerning the shortcomings of our most cherished institutions of learning.

We have found that most of the accusations advanced by our contemporary critics are true. Colleges do harbor atheists, colleges are also retreats for the pious. The mediocre fill huge classrooms; equally huge classrooms are filled by the intelligent. Some teachers are totally impossible; still others are incomparably inspiring. Boys and girls drink, cheat, swear and keep late hours; boys and girls likewise study hard, retire early and are temperate in all significant habits. Colleges lack organization, stability and purpose; colleges are also the advance guard of discovery. The taid is wagging the dog; the poor old dog hasn't any tail.

Stroll down any campus at any time with a notebook in hand, and you will find exactly what you are looking for, because, unfortunately as it may seem to some, colleges are composed of HUMAN BEINGS.

In the old days, if anybody missed a stage coach he was content to wait to wait three days for the next. Now he lets out a squawk if he misses one section of a revolving door.

Next to the soft collar, the greatest gift of inventors to suffering humanity in our long life-time has been the fly-proof sugar bowl for resplendent taurants.

You can fill a sieve with water if you have the patience to wait for the water to freeze. Words of encouragement to those industrious souls trying to fill empty craniums!

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Student Opinion

WHAT IS RIGHT?

The writer remembers the first time the theory of relatively as applied to morals came face to face with him. He had finished expressing his contempt for Queen Elizabeth's skill in the art of falsehood when he was roundly rebuked by the history instructor for not judging the Great Sovereign by the standards of her court and time, for not getting the "historical perspective." Since that time he has observed that things which we call immoral and wrong were not so at all among people of many times and many places that unlike "Tito" assassinations did not damage the soul of the Spartan boy whose great joy consisted in stealing without being caught; that polygamy has at various times and places achieved the sanction of a religion; that it does not need to be told that "morals" is derived from "mos", custom. He has attempted to do the honest thing, and has sought desperately for an absolute, unchanging standard of right and wrong. He has never been able to find one: he has always to confess to "the government of the moment" but is loath to admit that this government is subject to the fickleness and the change of political complexion characteristic of earthly regimes. While he has seen many other cherished beliefs consigned to the scrap heap of myth, fable, and figurative language he has clung pathetically to the idea of the Eternal. He confesses that the theory of relative right and wrong is incompatible with any conception he can form of the Eternal; that the "peace and dignity of the universe" is a merry idea indeed if it is offended by the practices of one age and gratified by the same practices of another.

If no one will laugh at your jokes, throw them in the stove and listen to the fire roar.

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Oh Yeah—

Three never makes a crowd if the third fellow owns the car.

In bygone days,
It was the crase,
To dress like Mother Hubbard;
But females now
Dress more, I vow,
Like Mother Hubbard's cupboard:

Modern youth is more interested in where to spend his nights than he is in where he will end his days.

"I got a letter from home."
"Hurray! Let's go down and spend it!"

He's one of those triple-threat men. Fumble, stumble or crumble.

"Do you sing soprano?"
"Sure, how does the first verse start?"

College is the place where one spends several thousand dollars for an education and then prays for a holiday to come on a school day.

Sentimental girls keep their love letters; practical girls let their love letters keep them.

Music Teacher (to pupil): Why don't you practice what you screech?

"Well, there's where I draw the line," said the tooth paste advertiser as he sketched in the model's gums.

"What happened to your new car?"
"It joined a fraternity."

"Go," said the landlady, "and never dampen my bath mat again."

"Her past is nothing to speak of."
"So that's what they're all talking about!"

Many people who turn over a new leaf at the beginning of the year use the loose leaf system.

"I have a suit for every day in the week."
"Let's see them."
"This is it."

Most women are satisfied with a fifty-fifty break. Both parts of it that is.

"Whatever happened to Ringo Colledge's star fallback?"

"He left college. The alumni failed to pay the last installment on him, and his family took him away."

A horse will attract more attention on Broadway than a beautiful woman.

He: May I have the pleasure of this dance?
She: Sure, sit down.

The modern girl's only question about wave length is, "Is it permanent?"

Answer to professor's question:
Freshman: Huh?
Sophomore: What?
Junior: I didn't hear the question.
Senior: I do not comprehend the nature of the inquiry.

Some girls are rumpive, most are deceptive, and some very few exceptive.

A woman can make a fool of a man—but she has to have co-operation.

We know a girl so dumb that she thought the word "Ashurban" on the curtain in the theatre was Latin for "Welcome."

We owe a lot to the Pilgrim Path-ore; the nice thing about it is that we won't have to pay it.

A cat has nine lives but a frog croaks every day.

All Americans made Watches for Americans people who want good Watches at Huckleberrys.

Courtesy to Artists

If there is ever a wrath-provoking moment, it is when you have been raised to ethereal heights by the wonders of the artist's performance and suddenly are dropped back to reality by a snicker and whisper from some one sitting just back of you. The spell has been broken and all your thoughts are now concerned with how you can best show your scorn and silence this unappreciative, discourteous, disrespectful person. You turn around and bestow upon him your "hardest" look. Its meaning is unheeded and the disturbance continues. You are not the only one who is annoyed. Several within a distance of five rows are seen to turn in their seats to see who is so rude. Still there is no halt in the flow of conversation and giggling.

Artists deserve consideration and courtesy. They cannot be expected to give their best before a whispering and snickering audience. It is hard for most people to understand and appreciate works of art. However, they should be respectful in its presence in consideration of the art itself and of the artist.

If you cannot keep silent during a concert, stay home, turn on the radio, and talk and laugh all you want to where you have no one to disturb, no audience and no artist.

"The Waltz of the Little Dog"

The last encore Mr. Lherinne played last Wednesday night was "Valse in D Flat" by Frederic Chopin. This is often called the "Minute Waltz" because of a mistaken idea that it should be played through in one minute. There is a story about it. Chopin and the author, George Sand were walking when they saw a dog chasing its tail around and around. George valse for the little fellow? As a reward Sand turned to Chopin and said, "Frederic, why don't you write a salt of this suggestion he wrote this valse with its whirling succession of notes. And the French call it 'The Waltz of the Little Dog.'"

It is interesting that Josef Lherinne was a child prodigy and that he is one of the few to grow into a real artist. He lived in Russia near Moscow. Rubenstein gave him an audition and took him for a pupil. Later Lherinne won the famous Rubenstein prize from among thirty-two contestants. He is honored in Europe and North America as a truly great artist.

The Doctor's Pills

The old human trait bobs up again and again. We pay the doctor for his pills and then never take them. We ask a man what he thinks and then tell him he is wrong. We often wonder what good some parents derive from sending their children to college. When the boy or girl returns home with new ideas, the parents are shocked. The college is "contaminating the youth of our nation; it is destroying the very foundation of our most noble and cherished institutions," and all that "blatant". And, too, we sometimes wonder what good some students derive from attending their classes. "Let's be junk, grammar is tripe; teachers are bores." Can it be taken that some of us go to college just to develop an immunity to education? Can it be that some of us will have none of college unless it confirms our own narrow and petty prejudice? If so, why go to college at all? How much cheaper it would be to take a light-seeking bus and ride through the campus once a year.

Experts tell us that the average woman's vocabulary is limited to five hundred words. If you believe this, just try trumping her now sometimes.

He was one of those straightforward fellow-scholar took a drink in his life—always paid for them, you said.

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GAISER SUCCEEDS TITUS AS FOOTBALL CAPTAIN

The Banquet

The first banquet given in honor of the football men in the history of T. C. was attended by fifty-seven persons, made up of faculty, football players, and their lady guests. The event occurred on Monday evening, January the sixth, at the Rotary Club rooms. All were seated at six-thirty. The long table was attractively decorated with place cards and bowls of fresh flowers. There was no particular seating arrangement except that Captain Titus and his guests were placed next to Coach Beu. The other faculty members present were Mrs. Beu, Miss Orcutt, Mr. Lord, Mr. Cavins, and Mr. and Mrs. Lantz. The following four course dinner was served:

Potatoes	Fruit cocktail	Noodles
Peas	Baked chicken	Dressing
Rolls	Butter	

Cake Ice Cream Coffee
After dinner everyone remained seated and Mr. Beu, well known as the efficient toastmaster, filled his usual place. He made a few remarks and then called on Mr. Lord, who in a very informal speech, expressed his gratitude for the invitation and his approval of the occasion. Miss Orcutt was next. She had been thinking about her speech and was already to give it to the guests. She mentioned the fact that the faculty were very proud of this undefeated team and its captain. She also told about their unquestionable sportsmanship, and that their eligibility had come up to the highest standards all during the season. Miss Orcutt closed by reading a short poem which honored the whole team for its success in the past football year.

The Right Sort of a Fellow

You may know the fellow,
Who thinks he thinks
Or the fellow who thinks he knows,
But find the fellow
Who knows he thinks
And you know the fellow
who knows.

Mr. Lantz was the third speaker. He told why the boys enjoyed playing football and why they got such a thrill out of it. Captain Titus made the next speech and expressed his appreciation to all of his players for their co-operation during the victorious season. He didn't want to say good-bye, but everyone has to graduate sometime. Mr. Beu was presented with a gold football by Captain Titus from the team in their friendly appreciation for his excellent coaching throughout the season.

Presentation of Letters

Ex-Captain Titus received his letter just before he made his short speech. As the letters were given out Mr. Beu told the player's capability of playing his position and added a few personal remarks. Wallace Cavins, being high point man, was awarded his letter next. The third one, John Wyeth, had improved his playing more than anyone else out for the team, according to Mr. Ben McCoy, who played under the bandicap of inexperience, received his letter with the compliment that he had filled his position unusually well. Herman, the greatest tackle in the Eastern Ill. League, received his letter with more applause than any other player. Zimmerly and Hedges were awarded and will be remembered as two T. C. ends who exhibited some spectacular playing against all of their opponents. A letter was earned by Captain-elect Gaiser, and he honored the guests with a short speech, saying that he would try hard to succeed as well as Titus in helping the players and having an equally good team. The others who received letters were Hutton, Cole, Blake, Bails, Rains, Dawson, Davis, Myers, Marker, Patterson, Reed, Burns, Millner, Lawery, and Stoddard. Donald Neal also got one for acting as football business manager. Miss Orcutt then suggested that we all go out to the dance and finish the evening in more merriment.

The Football Hop

Everyone in high school and a few alumni were present at the great hop.

The gym and the dancers looked very attractive. All seemed happy, either occupying themselves by dancing, with cards, or looking on. Jollity and happiness fairly rang from the doors of the gymnasium. Punch was served by some little girls from the Training School. The programs were an added attraction to this high school dance and will be put in memory books as tokens received at the party given for "The Undefeated Football Squad of 1929."

PARIS DEFEATS T. C.

BY FREE THROWS

By Paul Birthisel

The final whistle blew with Paris emerging victorious with a scanty 4-point margin. Thus ended the third cage clash of the season, with a defeat for the T. C. cagers on the local hardwood court. The T. C. squad showed class in playing rings around Paris on the floor but inaccurate shooting both from the foul line and other places on the floor lost the game. Both teams made the same number of field goals, but Paris proved the ability to make more of their free throws than T. C. The T. C. cagers played an excellent defensive game, with Pinnell and Gray starring; the squad had trouble in putting the ball through the hoop.

The game started a scrappy fray with neither team being able to score until the last part of the quarter. T. C. was first to score when Marker made a free throw, but Ogle of Paris was awarded a free throw, which he made, and the quarter ended with a score of 1-1.

In the second quarter, Wyeth sent the ball through the hoop twice, but Paris came back with some free throws and the half ended with a score of 6-5 in favor of Paris. In the third quarter, Paris stepped away from T. C. when their three field goals of the game were made. The third quarter ended with a score of 6-11 in favor of Paris. The T. C. cagers came back in the fourth quarter with a few more points to lose the game by 4 points.

T. C. (10)	FG	FT	TP
Marker, f	1	2	4
Wyeth, f	2	0	4
Titus, c	0	1	1
Pinnell, g	0	0	0
Gray, g	0	1	1
Totals	3	4	10

PARIS (12)	FG	FT	TP
Ogle, f	0	1	1
Edwards, f	0	0	4
Kilmer, f	1	2	4
Johnson, c	0	2	2
Ratcliff, c	0	1	1
Barr, g	0	2	2
Murphy, g	2	0	4
Totals	3	8	14

Referee: Bergstrom (Illinois College). Timekeeper: R. Kellam (E. I.)

T. C. FIRST TO DEFEAT THE BROCTON CAGERS

The Brocton Cagers felt the T. C. thorn in their sides when they received the first defeat of the season at the hands of the Blue and Gold. After having won all eleven of their games, the Brocton quintet came to Charleston ready to carry home the bacon. But although the T. C. Basketball team had won only one game out of three played, they came back to the place they set in the Windsor game. At the end of the first quarter the Brocton first found they would have a hard time putting T. C. in the bag because the score was 4-1 with T. C. in the lead. Pinnell had made a long shot from the center of the floor, and had been followed by another counter by Wyeth.

During the second and third quarters, Brocton kept a few points ahead of T. C. while Cooly took it upon himself to make five field goals. But in the last quarter T. C. came back with a counter by Titus, although a free throw by Wiese of Brocton tied the score, 15-15. Marker

made a free throw awarded him which put T. C. in the lead. For the remaining two minutes of the game, T. C. did not stall as most teams would have done, but tried to widen their margin of victory with another score.

Throughout the game Titus displayed some very spectacular floor work and did his share of the scoring. Marker was the high point man of T. C., and kept Captain Wyeth and Titus company in the best offensive playing T. C. has done on the home floor this season. Gray was especially good in getting the ball off Brocton's back board, while Pinnell did some accurate long range shooting.

Keep it up T. C.!

T. C.	FG	FT	TP
Marker, f	2	2	6
Wyeth, f	1	1	3
Titus, c	2	1	5
Pinnell, g	1	0	2
Gray, g	0	0	0
Bails, g	0	0	0
Totals	6	4	16

BROCTON	FG	FT	TP
Hall, f	2	0	4
Gillis, f	0	0	0
Cooly, c	4	0	8
Wiese, g	0	2	2
Buckler, g	0	1	1
Totals	6	3	15

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A COLLEGIATE CINDERELLA

(Continued from page 2)

college girl had passed, and she had yet to have her first date. However, she had a great confidence in her own deadly charm and boasted to the girls at the dormitory, "Once I get a man, he stays got!"

It seemed the only subject of conversation around the hall for a week had been, "Who's taking you to the Hop? What are you going to wear? Is she going with him?" Susan decided that whether she had to steal, borrow, or kidnap a man and would go to the Freshman Hop too. Anne Marlowe always had several bids for any affair that was being held. She began to feel sorry for Susan, seeing that she herself was responsible for her own datelessness.

Susan, however, wrote very enthusiastic letters home, telling of the various invitations she received, and of the big hit she had made with the President of the University at a tea given in his home.

Once you were committing a sin if you didn't work more than eight hours a day. Now you are foolish if you work that long. Our world of mechanic has enabled us to save much time, but the question is, having saved this time, do we know how to use it? Can you really entertain a friend for an hour without a radio and a victrola? Education, they say, is knowing what to do next along with the ability and desire to do it. A good many of us don't even know what to do to enjoy ourselves and we wouldn't know how, if we did know what.

We learn to do by doing, and if we're to be completely educated we need to be taught to use our leisure and we need organized groups in which to use our leisure.

BLUFFERS

The Bluffer's life is like vegetable soup.

A chop suey sulk gullion hash, it's only integrity a thin broth of classes and school spirit.

On which float heterogeneous hits Whose variety is lost in the soup's lost identity.

For refusing to be a dependable solid or a frivolous liquid It has hopelessly compromised itself into soup—just soup.

Jelly-fish bluffers and soup Down in purgatory they will evaporate Forever and Forever.

We are continually looking backward and forward and missing the passing moment.

And speaking about the other kind of "dim bulbs" that some of us know, we don't believe that the years have done much to improve the quality.

When someone mentions educational waste, we just know he means those soprano notes we never sing in Chapel.

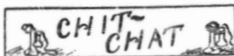
Gladys Campbell, a graduate of Eastern Illinois State Teachers College in 1914, is joint author of a new book just added to the general library entitled "Magazines and Newspapers of Today."

"Wit, wisdom and foibles of the great, together with numerous anecdotes illustrative of the characters of people and their rules has just been added to the reference collection in the general library."

"Bad day for the race, isn't it?"
"What race?"
"The white race."

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JAZZ

Modern Jazz is a mixed up affair comprised of syncopation, emotional rhythm and vo-de-dum dum. No jazz orchestra is complete without two or three instruments out of tune and at least one singer (?) who can wiggle his body in a passionate manner while he croons. The hip-flask type of dance, features jazz in all its lowest respects. The public in general raves about "cute little girls" who can yodel ump-ti-umpty-ump.

One old patriarch who was very religious and who never missed a church service was the proud possessor of a phonograph. He was accustomed to bring this talking machine to Sunday morning service for the expressed purpose of leading the choir. One Sunday morning "Love Lifted Me" was requested. He stooped and with a flourish, produced the record in demand. He placed it in its position and stepped back with a satisfied smile. Imagine his embarrassment when he discovered that he had put on "Love Lifted Me" all right, but that it was the wrong version. Such, gentle reader, is the astounding grasp jazz has on the minds and habits of us moderns. The only important instrument in a dance orchestra of today is the drum. Let the trumpet be in "D" and the sax a half tone or two off key—drum on and we're satisfied.

Along with a popularity contest an unpopularity vote wouldn't be so bad. We have a few nominations to offer.

Far into the night worked old eagle-eyed Snare Lock. He was intent on his search and his keen old hooked-nose missed not a scent. His magnifying glass was held rigidly in his left hand, while his right roved in a careless fashion around his large saxophone-like pipe. Fastened to his two billed cap was a tiny candle by which flickering illuminant, he seemed to be discovering certain clues. He sat stone-like as he arranged the facts in his mind. Then, with a gasp he straightened his well-muscled frame and tore out of his office with a subdued oath. Looping down Sixth street, he yelled in a piercing tone, "Excelsior" (or something to that effect), "I have found why Deverick goes over to Pemberton Hall so frequently."

VIVISECTION

The cruellest thing practiced in this school of ours is vivisection. For sheer refined cruelty it far transcends tests, practice teaching and even the discouragement of social gregariousness in the class rooms.

Vivisection consists of puncturing, penetrating, cutting, disjoining and removing all the so called essential features, such as plot, character and style from an erstwhile whole and unutilized, piece of literature.

As an example take the study of one of Dickens' masterpieces such as, oh say David Copperfield. The teacher first announces that the style will be taken; then before the horrified gaze of the class she stabs into the unresisting masterpiece and after much preliminary slashing and tearing, at length holds up the remaining object with all the triumphant exultation of a young surgeon discovering his first veriform appendix. So he proceeds to remove one by one the bloody organs and with all the rapt fanaticism of a high priest presiding at an surgery holds them up—a sacrifice made for our further edification and enlightenment.

Sometime later a poor beknighted person says to us, "Don't you think Micawber a delightful person?" We look blank and answer, "Micawber was merely a device to add humor and pathos to the story and to better facilitate the plot; he is also a good example of Dickens' power of characterizations." Such my friends is the awful crime of vivisection.

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